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A FAMILY NEWSPAPER---DEVOTED TO POLITICS, LOCAL INTERESTS, FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC NEWS, AGRICULTURE, MECHANISM, EDUCATION---INDEPENDENT ON ALL SUBJECTS.

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LETTER FROM MR. FILLMORE.

The heart that has not a worm response for the sentiments contained in the following patriotic letter from that incorruptible statesman, Millard Fillmore, must be lost to all sense of his duty to the country. Read it, Americans, and show it to every Democrat in the land.

We clip it from Chronicle, published at Augusta, Georgia:

BUFFALO, NEW YORK, Sept. 29, 1856.

J. W. M. BERRIEN ESQ.---

Dear Sir.--Your two favors of the 25th inst. have just come to hand, and furnish additional evidence that I am constantly misrepresented both North and South. In the North I am charged with being a pro-slavery man, seeking to extend slavery over free territory, and in the South I am accused of being an abolitionist. But I am neither; and as I have invariably refused to give any pledges, other than such as might be inferred from my known character and previous official conduct, I have not answered to the public any of these charges. If, after all I have done, and all the sacrifices I have made to maintain the Constitutional rights of the South, she still distrusts me, then, I can only say, that I hope she may find one more just and more fearless and self-sacrificing than I have been, and that when found, she may show her gratitude by her confidence. And so of the North--if after all I have done to maintain her Constitutional rights and advance her interest, she distrusts me, I hope she may find one more worthy of her confidence and bestow it accordingly. I shall have no regrets for myself in either case. I am only anxious that the country should be well governed, and that this unfortunate sectional controversy between the North and the South should be settled, and a fraternal feeling restored. But I apprehended, that the difficulty is, that the extremes on each side want a President favoring their own peculiar views as against their opponents. I cannot consent to be such a candidate for either side. I am for the whole Union, North and South, East and West, and if my countrymen will not accept me on those conditions, I shall not complain.

The enclosed article copied in into the Richmond Whig from the Buffalo Commercial, speaks my sentiments on the Missouri Compromise. It may or may not suit your latitude, but I have not one thing for the South and another for the North, and therefore I send it.

In conclusion, permit me to express my sincere thanks for the kind interest you have manifested in my success as the candidate of the Union. I remember your lamented brother well, and was proud to call him my friend. I wish his valuable life could have been spared to aid us in this struggle to save our country.

With sentiments of respect, I am, truly and sincerely yours,

MILLARD FILLMORE.

From the Buffalo Commercial Advertiser, Sept. 17. Restoration of the Missouri Compromise.

As the duties of a statesman are not precisely those of a debating club, it always tries the patience of practical men to see effort wasted in discussion from which nothing can possibly result. In great and critical conjunctures, especially, a statesman must study to discover the measures best adapted to meet existing exigencies, and he will not lend himself to the promotion of any scheme, whatever its intrinsic excellence may be, for a single moment after he is satisfied he has no chance of success. Like a wise physician, he will keep himself accurately

informed of the progress of the disease, and the condition of the patient, and will not insist that a medicine shall be administered to-day because it would have prevented the malady had it been taken ten days ago. It is his business to deal with the disease in its present stage, and if the patient refuse to take the medicine which is best in itself, he must not, therefore, suffer him to die while he is wasting time in a vain effort to conquer his obstinacy. If he refuse the best medicine he must give him the best he can get him to take.

We notice that several conservative journals in the South have lately advocated the restoration of the Missouri Compromise as the most suitable remedy for the present unhappy and distracted condition of the country. Could the South see the error committed in its repeal, and voluntarily come forward for its restoration, it would at once end all controversy. But this we conceive to be morally impossible; therefore, we cannot forbear to remark that we consider the discussion of this question at this time as unwise and ill timed. The subject which now absorbs public attention is the approaching Presidential election; and we cannot see that the restoration of the Missouri Compromise is a question which the National Executive will ever, in his official capacity, be called to consider. The Missouri Compromise line was established by an act of Congress; it was repealed by an act of Congress; and, if it is ever restored, it requires an act of Congress to reinstate it. If the question of its restoration is of any importance in the Presidential election, it must be because there is a likelihood, or at least a possibility, that Congress will pass an act for that purpose, which will be submitted to the President for his approval. If it is certain before hand that no such act will ever come before the President, the whole question is frivolous and idle, or at least has no pertinence to the Presidential election.

We suppose it will not be controverted that if Congress ever passes an act reinstating the Compromise, it will be prior to the passage of an act admitting Kansas into the Union as a State. Subsequent to that event, its restoration would amount to nothing, for the two-fold reason that Congress has no constitutional power to control the domestic institutions of a State, and that, even if it possessed the power, its exercise would be either idle or impossible--idle if Kansas should come in as a free State--impossible if she should come in as a slave State; for the same majority which admitted her as such would prevent the restoration. The whole question, then, so far as it has any bearing on the Presidential election, reduces itself to this: Whether there is any possibility that such an act can be passed before Kansas is ripe for admission as a State? If the negative can be demonstrated, then all agitation of the subject is futile and unwise.

The present Congress, which has rejected a bill proposing the restoration of the Missouri Compromise line, will go out of power on the 4th of March next; its successor on the 4th of March, 1859; and the successor of that Congress will commence its first session three years from the first of next December. Long before that time Kansas will either be in the Union or knocking at the doors of Congress for admission. If then an act for the restoration of the Missouri Compromise is not passed by the present or the next succeeding Congress, it is certain that it will never be passed at all. The present Congress will pass no such act, for the South has a large Democratic majority. The next Congress will not pass it, for the reason that the Democrats will still have the ascendancy in the Senate. Even the most sanguine of the Republican journals admit this, and no man in that party is extravagant enough to claim that in the next Congress the Senate will be favorable to their views. The New York Evening Post made an estimate, day before yesterday, in which, after claiming the election in several States which the Republicans are likely to lose, it only reckoned on 25 of the 62 members of the Senate for Fremont.---Burlingame, in his speech in Boston, two or three days since, made threat that with a Republican President, and a Republican House of Representatives, they would grind the pro-slavery Senate of the next Congress "as between the upper and the nether mill-stone," thus clearly admitting that they had no hopes of the Senate.

We may consider it demonstrated, therefore, that an act for restoring the Missouri Compromise will never come before the President for his consideration. As connected with the Presidential election, the question is perfectly idle--a mere abstraction, unworthy the consideration of a practical statesman. It is unwise to discuss it as an element of the Presidential canvass; it would be equally unwise even to agitate it again in Congress. The Missouri Compromise is like water spilled upon the sand; it can never be gathered up. Its repeal was a great blunder, but it is now too late to correct it. The attempt to restore it at the late session of Congress is defensible on the ground that it was well to offer to the

action. But the Compromise is dead, and it would be as rational to expect the reanimation of any other corpse as of this. Nothing remains but to pronounce its eulogy and bury it out of sight.

For more than thirty years the whole country acquiesced in it, and it had acquired a sacredness in public estimation which it was unwise to disturb. It had settled a dangerous controversy, which it was folly, nay, it was madness to re-open. Its repeal, as Mr. Fillmore justly remarked in one of his speeches, was the Pandora's box, from which has issued all our present evils. As Mr. Fillmore was opposed, at the time, to its disturbance, he has not changed his opinion that its repeal was an act of folly. But we are quite sure we do not misrepresent his sentiments when we say that he does not think it would be wise to attempt its restoration, and that he desires no agitation having this object, either in Congress or out of it. He is too sagacious not to perceive that the question has become obsolete, and too wise to pour water around the root of a tree which was girdled two years ago, in the hope of again seeing it covered with foliage.

Nothing now remains for the territories but to see that by wise legislation, properly enforced, the people are protected in the enjoyment of peace, and ultimately in the right of determining the character of their own institutions, without intimidation by mobs and without interference from the States. The sooner this doctrine is acquiesced in, the sooner will that quiet be restored to the country, of which it is so greatly in need.

The following endorsement is made on this article: "My sentiments."

M. F.

From the Memphis Eagle and Enquirer.

AUTUMN WINDS.

All around our lonely dwelling,
Cold the Autumn winds are swelling--
Requiem for the Summer telling,
That has flown.
With their gorgeous colors paling,
Slow and sad the leaves are trailing,
To the wind's slow, solemn wailing--
List it mean!
Sadder yet, some soul is weeping--
Nightly, lonely watches keeping
O'er some hopes eternal sleeping
In the tomb:
O'er some dreamings of the olden
Time--all warm, all bright, all golden--
Never more shall thou behold them,
Through the gloom.

Thro' the gloom that's gather'd o'er thee,
On the pathway now before thee,
Greedy Time will ne'er restore thee
Aught that's flown;
But while all thy soul-strings sever--
While they ache, and bleed and quiver--
Thou must live for aye and ever,
All alone!

KATE.

A tattler in your house is more to be feared, and is more pernicious to good morals than a dozen cheap novels in a young lady's boarding school.

Hoosiers call the girls--their 'bright, particular stars'--by the endearing title "Kizzies." In Georgia they call 'em "tartars." In California "ma dulce." Elsewhere "ducks." Very sweet.---Exchange.

In Old Franklin they call 'em 'sweet-hearts.' Superlatively sweet.

ANAGRAM.--The following anagram of Napoleon's name is translated from a French Journal, which says that the name is composed of two Greek words, Napos and Leon, which signify the Lion of the Desert. The letters of the same name, ingeniously combined, present a phrase which offers a singular analogy with the character of that extraordinary man:

1	Napoleon.
6	Apoleon.
7	Poleon.
3	Oleon.
4	Leon.
5	Eon.
2	On.

By striking off the first letter of this word, and pursuing the same course with each following word, six Greek words are formed, which, literally translated in the order designated by the figures, signify "Napoleon, being the lion of the people, became a destroyer of cities."---Ex.

A Yankee editor out West says, "the march of civilization is onward--onward, like the slow but intrepid steps of a jackass to a peck of oats." Vel, that's a bright illustration.

From the New York Independent. On Which Side is Danger to the Union?

Will Democrats, and all who have had the hardihood to charge Mr. Fillmore with being an Abolitionist, read the following article? It is the way he is spoken of by Abolition papers at the North.

"The supporters of the Cincinnati Platform are constantly assuring the public that the Union will be dissolved unless Mr. Buchanan is elected President. At the same time Mr. Fillmore and his northern friends are doing what they can for the success of the Platform by crying out that the Union cannot survive so shocking an event as the election of Mr. Fremont--in other words, that the Southern States will secede from the Union, and will be justified in doing so, if the only Southern man in nomination shall not receive the votes of a constitutional majority."

Some honest men, we dare say, are really alarmed by these minatory announcements. Others, though neither alarmed nor influenced by threats of disunion, and though believing heartily that they ought to give their votes for liberty and justice, even if wicked men should undertake to dissolve the Union in a consequence of their so doing--may too hastily concede that the threatened result is possible. Let us look then at the possibilities and the probabilities in the case which these announcements presuppose.

Mr. Fillmore, as will be recollected by those who remember his electioneering speech at Albany, has not merely hazarded his reputation as a prophet by prediction what will be in certain circumstances. He has also compromised what is much more important to himself and his political friends, his integrity and loyalty as a citizen of the United States, by volunteering an opinion that the secession of the Southern States in those circumstances would be justifiable. The same opinion is generally intimated by other campaign orators and journalists, who are acting as he is, in the interest of Mr. Buchanan and the Cincinnati platform.

Is it pretended that the election of Col. Fremont will violate the Federal Constitution? Who will point out in that venerable instrument the clause or section which provides that the slave-holding States shall have a veto on the election of a President; or which implies, by the remotest inference, that the electoral colleges may not vote for a candidate who happens to be unacceptable to the slave-holding States? Mr. Fillmore knows perfectly well--and the most stolid numskull who is expected to vote for the Fillmore ticket on the 4th of November, knows--that Col. Fremont is as legitimate a candidate for the Presidency as Mr. Buchanan, and that neither the letter nor the spirit of any compact or compromise in the Constitution forbids the electoral colleges to vote for Col. Fremont, or forbids any citizen, Northern or Southern, to vote for such electors as will vote for him. What higher law, then, unknown to the Constitution, and contradicting its principles, is this, of which Millard Fillmore, the great patron of the Fugitive Slave law, has become the exponent? If Mr. Fremont shall receive a majority of the electoral votes, he will be as legitimately the chief magistrate of the Union, and the commander-in-chief of its army and navy, as Mr. Fillmore was after the death of Gen. Taylor; the Constitution of the United States, and the laws and treaties made in conformity therewith, will be, as now, "the supreme law of the land;" there will be no possible conflict of authorities, and no shadow of a legal pretext for disowning the government; and yet here we have the cold-blooded Millard Fillmore, whose words ought to mean something, as well as the hot-headed John C. Breckenridge, who may peradventure speak without meaning what he says, telling the public not only that the South will rebel in those circumstances, but that the treason will be justifiable. There can be no secession from the Union without "levying war against the United States;" and that, as Mr. Fillmore knows, is something more than the constructive treason of which the poor Quaker was indicted, but not convicted, who stood by and refused to aid in catching a fugitive slave. If that predicted treason shall come off at the appointed time, Mr. Fillmore and all the respectable old gentlemen who have been "aid-

ing and abetting" before hand, by words of encouragement and justification, will be "accessories before the fact."

We have no hesitation, then, in saying that if Mr. Fillmore is not a dunce--which we do not think he is--he must be regarded as disloyal to the constitution, and an enemy to that political system which the Constitution has established for the government of the Union. This is a serious imputation, and we make it seriously. The man who undertakes to say that unless the slave-holding States can govern the Union for the extension of their peculiar and abhorred institution they may reasonably rebel against the Union--and the man who says that a constitutional majority of the people have no right to choose a President opposed to the extension of slavery, that their doing so will be a sufficient reason for dissolving the Union--is not a patriot, but is at heart a traitor. Just as reasonably, and with just as much loyalty, he might say that if a majority of the people shall dare to choose a President pledged to oppose, by all constitutional means, the establishment of Polygamy in the territories that will be a valid reason for rebellion.

YOU WILL BE WANTED.--Take courage, my lad. What if you are but an humble, obscure apprentice--a poor, neglected orphan--a scoff and by-word to the thoughtless and gay, who despise virtue in rags because of its tatters. Have you an intelligent mind, all untutored though it be? Have you a virtuous aim, a pure desire, and an honest heart? Depend upon it, one of these days, you will be wanted. The time may be long deferred. You may grow to manhood, and you may even reach your prime, ere the call is made; but virtuous aims, pure desires, and honest hearts are too few and sacred not to be appreciated--not to be wanted. Your virtues shall not wrap always about you as with a mantle--obscurity shall not always veil you from the multitude. Be chivalric in your combat with circumstances. Be ever active, however small may be your sphere of action. It will surely enlarge with every movement, and your influence will have continual increment.

"In the world's broad field of battle,
In the bivouac of life,
Be not like dumb driven cattle,
Be a hero in the strife."

Work on, for surely you will be wanted, then comes your reward. Lean upon the sacred verity. "I have never seen the righteous forsaken or his seed begging bread." Never despair; for the lives of good men abundantly testify that often when clouds are blackest, and the tempest is fiercest, and hope is faintest, a "still small voice" will be heard saying, "Come hither, you are wanted," and all your powers will find ample employment. Therefore, take heart, young men; for ere long you will be wanted.---Our Drumer.

A Christian's Credentials.

What are they? Not the blossoms of a fair profession, but the ripe and mellow fruit of God-like actions. Cornelius' prayers and alms came up as a memorial before God--not his prayers alone, nor his alms alone, but his prayers and alms. Beautiful conjunction. Piety towards God, and an active charity towards all mankind; the twin personifications of vital, saving piety. Salvation is of grace, not of merit, not of works, lest any man should boast. But faith, without works is dead. It is like an index, without a book; like hands, without a clock; like sails without a ship; like a tree with nothing but dry and withered branches. Professed disciple of Christ, to prove thy discipleship genuine, thou must surround thyself with widows, whom thou hast comforted--with orphans, whom thou hast succored--with the ignorant, whom thou hast instructed--with the wandering whom thou hast reclaimed--with the hungry, whom thou hast fed--with the naked whom thou hast clothed--with the sick, whom thou hast visited. These are thy trophies!

A Fillmore girl the other day, says the Nashville Gazette, fell in company with a Buchanan crowd, when she was told that the Fillmore men would all be sent up Salt River this fall. "Then" said she, rather than stay in such a crowd as there'll be left, I'll go up and cook for them.

Love is a weapon that will conquer men when all other weapons fail.

The Miser's Prayer.

O thou well beloved, and all powerfull dollar: we come to prostrate ourselves before thee, to pay our devotions at thy shrine.

We acknowledge that thou art the source of all our enjoyments in this life--and of all that we can hope for in that to come. Our heart's best affections are centered in and on thee--for thee we sacrifice every finer sensibility of our nature; for thee, we pass toilsome days, and sleepless nights; for thee, we become aliens from the comfort of home, and the kindly enjoyments of society; for thee, we willingly sacrifice our own comforts and that of others, diligently following the meanest practices to secure thine all-powerful favor. For thee, we grind the face of the poor, keep back the hire of those who serve us, exact the utmost farthing from the widow and fatherless, drive the gray haired beggar from our doors, and spurn the infant child that solicits bread at our hands. For thee, we are guilty of ever mean and dishonorable action; for thee, we pierce ourselves "through with many sorrows," and sacrifice our hope of eternal and everlasting inheritance.

To thee, we look for comfort when the icy hands of death shall feel after our heart-strings. Forsake us not when our gray hairs come with dishonor to the grave; when those we have wronged--the orphans, the destitute, and the forlorn--shall invoke curses on our hard hearts. To thee, we look for consolation when the cries of those who have "reaped down our fields," and whose hire has been kept back by fraud and shall have entered into the "ears of the Lord of Sabbath."

O thou great dollar, who hast rescued the greatest villains of past time out of the hands of justice, save us from the hands of the final Judge. Forsake not, we pray thee, for it is our determination to be faithful unto death, and then--the judgment! The Judgment! Our heart sinks within us at the thought! The course of justice is turned by thy mighty influence now, but will it avail in the coming day, and with the spotless Judge? O Almighty Dollar, hear us, for all our trust is in thee! Amen.

The young folks of Ashland, Ohio, are "warming with their wishes" in a rather humorous way. The Times says:--

"A society has been formed among the young ladies of Ashland, the commendable object in view of inducing the young men to abstain from all intoxicating drinks--even ale, beer, wine or cider. A provision of the society debarring young ladies from associating with those who refuse to sign the pledge, having become public, some of the young gents refused to sign, protesting against such action, and formed another society which requires of the young ladies, to make them eligible to 'good society,' to abandon hoops, paint, and Alabama silk. We have not heard whether the two parties design nominating candidates for the Presidency."

The girls are right--stick to the pledge. The young men are very unreasonable. What would some of the ladies be, without hoops and paint? There would not be enough of them for the "fellers" to court. By the way, what is "Alabama silk?"---Sundusky Register.

Don't you know, Mr. Register? "Alabama silk" grows on a cotton plant; it was used at New Orleans by Gen. Jackson for breastworks.

The Democrats used to charge, unceasingly, that the Whigs were federalists, and this cry was more instrumental in their success than any facts or arguments in behalf of their own party. Since the nomination of Buchanan, that charge has slept--the word, federalist, can't be found printed in a locofoco paper. And why? Because the party has nominated a federalist.---Memphis Eagle.

If there is one word in the English language more distasteful and repugnant to our feelings than another, it is the term "patronage." We execrate, defy, spurn and detest its very name, origin and meaning. Newspapers refer to their "patrons," and thereby derogate from their own dignity. A properly conducted paper is never patronized. Not a dollar goes into its coffers that is not well earned honestly earned. A good paper LIAM. "quid pro quo."

If you want enemies, do not just received you want friends let them other words give them occupying the highest